UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese
Associate Editors

Furs!

By ZONA GALE

Spinoza, the God-Intoxicated Jew

By GEORGE L. THOMPSON

Two Dreams and an Awakening

By LON RAY CALL

About the "Christmas Carol" and Dickens In Boston

By EDWIN D. MEAD

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Announcement

On January 6, Unity's Editor-in-Chief, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, will be in Chicago and will speak for the Abraham Lincoln Centre Friday Morning Forum, at 10:30, on

Gandhi and India: The Fight for Freedom

On January 8, at the University of Chicago Chapel Dr. Holmes will preach at 11 A. M. on

Why Be Moral?

On the evening of January 7 there will be held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, a

Memorial Meeting for Mrs. Edith Lloyd Jones, late Managing Editor of Unity.

Britain's Methods in India Condemned

Grave allegations against the British administration in India were made by the members of the India League delegation to India, which returned to England last night.

The members were Miss Ellen Wilkinson, Mr. Leonard Matters, Miss Monica Whately, and Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon. They were met at Victoria by Earl Russell, the president of the League.

Among the charges they make are:

Serious criticism of the administration of Lord Willingdon, the Viceroy, who received them;

Gross police abuses and wholesale beatings, without trial;

Terrorism in Chittagong and Midnapore;

Farcical misrepresentation of India at the Round Table Conference;

Beating of two women who took part in a demonstration to meet Mr. Matters; and

Mishandling by the police of Gandhi's grandson, who was rescued by the intervention of members of the delegation.

Miss Wilkinson visited Gandhi in prison, toured eight jails, and lived in huts to experience the conditions of the women.

"There will be no peace in India," Miss Wilkinson told the "Daily Herald," "while Lord Willingdon is the ruler.

"The attitude of the officials is that they have crushed the Congress because they have stopped public demonstrations.

"They are blind to the true strength of the Congress in the villages, for the idea that the Congress organization is made up of intellectuals is false. Gandhi wields greater power from jail that he did in freedom.

"The Round Table Conference is a

(Continued on page 239)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CX MONDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1932 Number 15

THE CHILDLIKE HEART

"In hearts too young for enmity
There lies the way, to make men free
When children's friendships are worldwide
New ages will be glorified.
Let child love child, and strife will cease,
Disarm the hearts, for that is Peace."

ETHEL JORDAN.

UNITY is probably "holding the fort" in these distressing times far better than most magazines. Our subscribers, just because they represent no large aggregate of people, constitute a kind of family whose members cherish a loyalty to one another. Furthermore, if not of one mind, we are of one spirit, and thus supremely interested together in those ideals which UNITY possesses as its own. For these reasons, and others of the same sort, our subscription list is not being shot to pieces. But we are suffering losses —many of them old and cherished friends! Shall not those among us who are more favored and thus able to "carry on," come to the help of these who are in trouble? Since we are so truly a family, shall we not stand and hold together? Why not use this as a glad opportunity to "bear one another's burdens?" Especially at this Christmastide, when we rediscover the secret of happiness in the fact that it is "more blessed to give than to receive!" We ask subscribers of UNITY to send subscriptions to the Chicago office, to be distributed among those who want this magazine but have been unable to renew. Three dollars will give UNITY for a year to one of these old friends. Is there any easier way of bringing happiness to an associate, and at the same time of helping this gallant paper to retain its health and strength? *Celebrate Christmas 1932 by a subscription gift to* UNITY!

There is little to be said these days about politics, except that everything that is happening in Washington is showing the beneficent wisdom of the so-called "Norris Amendment," which, when adopted, as it soon will be, by the requisite number of states, will end the scandal and futility of the "lame-duck" sessions of Congress. The idea of having a lot of Congressmen, who have just been soundly beaten at the polls, come flocking back to the Capitol to legislate on the nation's problems is too absurd for words. Equally absurd is the spectacle of a great number of newly elected representatives of the people hungering for office and waiting feverishly month after month for their happy day of power. In this interim period, of course, nothing is done save to mark time, and to block the business of government. Even the President is hopelessly handicapped by this antiquated arrangement of the nation's calendar. Mr. Hoover, overwhelmingly defeated in the election, must still carry on the administration for four long months. Stripped of all authority by the mandate of the people, he is helpless to initiate policies—even to decide questions, such as the debt question, clamoring for settlement. His recent message to Congress, an able document, fell absolutely flat because it came from one whose voice had been silenced by public repudiation. If we needed any demonstration of the need of change, this present experience is giving it abundantly. Fortunately, the nation is convinced on this point, and it seems reasonably certain that the "Norris Amendment" will soon be part of the Constitution. This means that the present Congress is in all probability the last Congress to enjoy the spectacle of a "lame-duck" session, and Herbert Hoover the last President to endure the humiliation of heading a defeated administration in office.

A tax-payers' rebellion may soon become as formidable a movement as this country has ever seen. It is already a reality in Chicago, with results that are anything but pleasant to the city administration and its employees. In New York City the real-estate owners are clogging the courts with reappraisal suits, a total of well over 100,000 now being on the calendar. In Philadelphia a proposal at the city hall to levy a small tax on personal incomes led to such an uprising of the citizens that the resolution was buried deeper than the deepest grave in the city's cemeteries. In Washington the disappointing returns in the tax receipts under the new legislation are immediately attributed to a refusal on the part of the people to buy the goods assessed, whether they be postage-stamps or cosmetics. A sales-tax is again being discussed, but if proposed will stir a gale compared to which the disturbance at the last session of Congress was a mere zephyr. It is evident that the enormous burden of government has got to be lightened. Expenditures on the extravagant scale of the last few years must

stop not only because the citizens haven't the money, but also because they won't pay it over even if they do have it. Where is the slash going to be made? Here is the real question of the hour. In New York, for example, is the saving going to be applied to the graft and waste that honey-comb the government with corruption, or to the comparatively small salaries of policemen, firemen, and teachers? In Washington, are we going to reduce our stupendous expenditures on army and navy, cut out bonus payments to veterans uninjured in foreign service, abolish high-salaried commissions that do nothing but spend public funds, or suspend much-needed public works that provide employment for millions? We think we know pretty well what is going to happen. Social services in city, state and nation are destined to receive the most serious set-back since they were first initiated. We know of no public intelligence and we see no public leadership that can save us from this first-class tragedy.

The "hunger marches" have begun. Is anybody surprised? To us the surprising thing is that we haven't got thousands of men and women marching and rioting in protest against starvation, instead of a few paltry hundreds. For it is incredible to us that people can live famished and cold from day to day—or, worse still, see their children famished and cold—and yet sit patiently and take whatever pitiful hand-out the community is willing to give them. We never see a breadline—hundreds of shivering men standing for hours in expectation of a cup of coffee and hunk of bread—but what we marvel that such a host does not smash windows and take what they so sorely need. O, the patience of the poor, as Theodore Parker cried out years ago! Or, to quote the more recent words of Edwin Markham in "The Toiler,"

> Outcast and cursed, befooled and flayed,
> With earth's brute burdens on him laid, . . .
> How silent down the world he trod,
> How patient he has been with God!

And with society! Of course, many of these starved or semi-starved multitudes have been miserable so long that they are completely cowed. Others, millions of them, are having their first experience of economic distress, and are so confused and dazed that they do not know what to do. Then, too, it is the habit of most of us to take things as they come along and adapt ourselves as best we can. It is this "habit," as William James pointed out in its psychological implications, which holds society safe to the ruts of conformity and custom. With Americans, also, there is the curious willingness to "stand for anything." No other people are so docile, so absolutely uncomplaining in the face of social outrage, political debauchery, and—economic injustice. But there is a limit to everything, even the longsuffering of the poor in America. Relief is utterly inadequate, misery is growing no less, and a continuance of the haphazard, hit-and-miss policies of the last few years may easily stir revolt.

If Prohibition goes, we shall be sorry, partly because we believe in it as public policy, and partly because we have been convinced that the American people, having put their hand to the plow, would not look back. But if it goes, we are going to get a lot of fun out of what happens. We expect to find illimitable amusement, for example, in seeing the "wets" keep the saloon out of business after they have repealed the 18th Amendment. We anticipate endless diversion in watching what is done with the bootleggers after huge taxes have been placed upon legalized liquor, and the door thus thrown wide open for the illegal sale of untaxed beverages. We know we shall be consumed with hilarity at the spectacle of the federal government trying to guard the frontiers of numerous separate states after it has failed to guard the single frontier of the nation itself. But of course the crowning experience, the biggest show on earth, will be the return of the old-time liquor traffic which Prohibition has been so successful in suppressing that the present generation knows nothing about it at all. We grew up in those happy days when anybody could get a drink anywhere—when nobody had to carry a flask containing a few smacks of diluted whiskey, since he could purchase on every corner a full draught of the real stuff—when the police in our cities had to maintain "drunk squads," as they now maintain "traffic squads," in order to take care of the myriad "soaks" who infested our streets and molested passersby. "Them was the days!"—and if the "wets" have their way, they're coming back. Well, in New York City, we shall be in the center of the tent, right in the front row, and we propose to enjoy the circus for all its worth. Of course, there are the pathetic and tragic sides of the business. But for the moment we are meeting the "wets" on their own ground, refusing to take the return of liquor seriously, as they themselves have refused to take its banishment seriously. The whole thing, if it comes about, is going to be a show worth any price of admission, and we herewith announce that we are going to make the most of it. Liquor back on the streets! *Wow!* What a time we are going to have!

We were startled the other day to see a window display of toy soldiers. We had not realized how up-to-date the toy-makers were on the armament question. Here, to be sure, were the familiar infantry and cavalry, all arrayed in colorful uniforms. This looked old-fashioned enough! But side by side with these traditional arms of the service were other things. A submarine, for example! An armored tank, bristling with guns! Artillery of the huge modern type! And,

most curious of all, some anti-aircraft cannon! It was evident that Santa Claus, in the true spirit of our western Christmas, intended that our little children should be well-informed as to the latest instruments of death. And our gorge rose as we gazed at that holiday window. Then, as we walked away, we began to ponder a bit. Just how much influence do these toy soldiers and weapons have upon the minds of youngsters? Are these youngsters perverted early, and thus prepared to be arrant militarists when they grow up? It seems to be a sound theory. But then we recalled that we had soldiers to play with as a boy. Indeed, we had whole regiments of them. We can remember some of our parades which ran along the upstairs hallway from the front to the back of the house. But this did not make us a militarist. On the contrary, did it not exhaust the savage instincts of our immaturity, and thus prepare us to be a pacifist? We do not pretend to know, we should like to hear some psychologist discourse upon this question. But however this may be, this thing at least is certain—that the toy-soldiers are an index of the mind of the adult if not a poison in the heart of the child. What are we to think of men and women who deliberately set their children to play with the instruments of the most dreadful curse upon the earth? We might think a good deal if adults themselves thought upon this question. But they do not! They simply accept soldiers and guns and tanks as a part of the paraphernalia of life and, if they think at all, think all this glorious. Which means that war is still unwrought in civilized human nature, and that we are still a long way from peace!

Furs!

"If women would refuse to wear the fur of animals put to death by torture, steel traps would go."

A fur dealer said this to a woman who asked how seals are killed.

"They are an untrapped animal," he had answered. "They are raised for their fur, cared for, and at last killed by a swift and single and final blow on the head which gives instant death."

But the customer laughed. "Once," she said, "a wise man laughed at our distinctions. He said that a rubber hand ball is moral, a wooden croquet ball and mallet or a polo ball is moral. But that if the ball is made of ivory and pushed by a longer implement, then there are those who call it immoral. Isn't it the same with furs? If the animal is killed. . ."

The furrier spoke out positively.

"Would it make any difference to you," he asked, "when you came to die, whether you were hit on the head and killed instantly, or first tortured for twenty-four hours?"

Then he told of his own experience in the world of fur-bearing animals. He himself had been a fur dealer for years. In the beginning he had been a trapper. He had a line of traps over land leased for the purpose and every two or three days he visited his traps. He had found the animals dead or dying, after twenty-four or forty-eight hours of suffering, and had despatched them as a part of the routine.

"But," he said, "there's a difference in animals, just as there is in children. You might see a hundred children and not one of them would make you understand a child. Then along would come one that would open up a different world. It was so with that little gray squirrel. I must have trapped a thousand, found then in the morning, dying, and never thought there was any other way. But one beautiful morning—March, I remember it was—I came through the woods. Chipmunks and squirrels were frisking—it came to me that they felt as good as I did, because the day was fine. Then I came to one of my traps that had shut down on a gray squirrel. The little fellow was still alive—but the trap had caught him so that he lay looking up in my face. He lay still, never moving or stirring, just watching to see what I was going to do. The look of him, the blood on the snow, the needless hours he had spent in my trap—they got me. He wasn't going to bring me any more than as if he had spent the night in a wooden trap—scared, but not tortured.

"I quit then. Every man I've got in the woods uses wooden traps. Seals and foxes—they're all right to handle. But no more torturing for me. Why don't women take that up?" he repeated. "Why don't men take it up?" he added. "It's the easiest reform I know."

ZONA GALE

Jottings

Recently, in a questionnaire, 373 persons were asked about the "Kellogg Pact," and 34 per cent thought it had to do with a *breakfast food!* We intended to comment upon this, but—our mind fails us.

In the month of November last, the value of 1,548 bonds listed on the New York market fell off $1,422,743,930. This is a decline of $407,424,798 a day. Query: is this real value, or paper value? Are we actually losing wealth, or just getting down to earth after the balloon-flight of 1926-29?

One good thing is coming out of all this muddle over the Allied debts. When the next war breaks out

in Europe, and the nations turn to the United States for loans to carry on the fight, they will find on this side of the Atlantic the tightest money market known to history.

"Lubritorium" is the latest elegant word to be added to the list of coined phrases which includes "mortician," "realtor," and "podiatrist." The Luther Burbanks of vocabulary are truly magicians.

We had a wonderful thought the other day, as we arose in the darkness of a December morning. Why not save daylight by putting the clock an hour back in winter, as we put it an hour ahead in summer? One good turn deserves another. Why not always be mixed up on the time question?

Three queens were seen shopping the other day in London. The reporter who saw them must have thought that he had a good poker hand.

J. H. H.

Spinoza, the God-Intoxicated Jew*

Come with me to the Jewish synagogue in the old Dutch city of Amsterdam on the twenty-seventh day of July, in the year 1656.

A vast concourse of Jews are assembling. They are the children of the Israelitish people who have been driven out of Portugal and Spain by fanatical Christian rulers instigated by fanatical Christian priests.

As the synagogue is filled the rabbis begin a ceremony by lighting black candles, and by opening the "tabernacle," wherein are deposited the Books of the Law of Moses.

A service of excommunication has been ordered by the Chief Rabbi of Amsterdam, Saul Levi Morteira, who now stands in the synagogue, stern, stately, implacable and profoundly in earnest, a dread figure, the center of this unusual scene.

The cantor arises and from his high station chants the words of execration and excommunication:

With the judgment of the angels and the sentence of the saints, we anathematize, execrate, curse and cast out Baruch de Espinoza, the whole of the sacred community assenting, in presence of the sacred books with the six hundred and thirteen precepts written therein, pronouncing against him the malediction wherewith Elijah cursed the children, and all the maledictions written in the Book of the Law.

Let him be accursed by day, and accursed by night;

Let him be accursed in his lying down, and accursed in his rising up;

Accursed in his going out and accursed in his coming in.

May the Lord never more pardon or acknowledge him; may the wrath and displeasure of the Lord burn henceforth against this man, load him down with all the curses written in the Book of the Law, and blot out his name from under the sky: may the Lord sever him for evil from all the tribes of Israel, weight him with all the maledictions of the firmament contained in the Book of the Law, and may all ye who are obedient to the Lord your God be saved this day.

Hereby then are all admonished that none hold converse with him by word of mouth, none hold communication with him by writing; that no one do him any service, no one abide under the same roof with him, no one approach within four cubits length of him, and no one read any document dictated by him, or written by his hand.

During this reading of the excommunication by the cantor the notes of a great horn are heard to rise and fall in weird cadence like the dirge of death. The candles of black wax which were burning brightly at the beginning of the ceremony were reversed during the cantor's chant and melted drop by drop into a great tub filled with blood, and when the final "Anathama Maranatha" was uttered, they were put out by being immersed in blood and the congregation in the horror of darkness shouted curses and execrations ending with a great, "Amen, Amen!"

Who is this Baruch de Espinoza who has thus merited excommunication by his fellow religionists? and what has he done? His name has lived and today he is known as Spinoza, and in the field of thought he is mentioned as one of the greatest thinkers who have ever lived. Within a few years at least two recognized authorities in the philosophical world have made the statement that in naming the half dozen greatest minds known to history the name of Spinoza cannot be left out.

At the time of his excommunication he was known as a talented young Jew with a brilliant and inquiring mind. The son of a fairly prosperous Jewish merchant in Amsterdam he inherited little of the commercial instinct of his family and race, but rather he belonged to that strain of Hebrews who produced an Isaiah, a Hosea and a Jesus.

We find him at an early age a student in the synagogue absorbed in the study of the religion and the history of his people, the synagogue being synonymous with a school at that time.

Beginning like all Jewish youth with the study of the Hebrew Bible, he soon became familiar with the text and went on to study the Talmud, following up these studies by turning his attention to the great Jewish writers, thinkers and philosophers such as Maimonides, Levi ben Gerson, Ibn Ezra, Hasdai Crecas, Ibn Gebirol and Moses of Cordova, who were wrestling with the problems of life and death and producing great books while their Christian neighbors were immersed in the ignorance of the Dark Ages. In reading these authors he was influenced more or less by their ideas. From Maimonides he learned such doctrines as these: that philosophy is the highest degree of divine worship, miracles do not exist, evil is simply the negation of good, the laws of nature are immutable, and immortality is impersonal. Levi ben Gerson taught the eternity of matter. From Ibn Ezra he caught a glimpse of the Saracenic speculations. From Hasdai Crecas he first conceived the idea that this universe is the body of God. In his study of Ibn Gebirol he was initiated into the mysticism compounded of Greek, Arab and Jewish learning. By Moses of Cordova he was profoundly impressed by the teaching that God and the universe are identical, a doctrine which later became the central idea of his philosophy.

Becoming acquainted with these great Jewish thinkers, his inquiring mind could not stop with the learning

* This year (1932) marks the 300th anniversary of Spinoza's birth. —Editor.

taught in the walls of the synagogue. If Jews were thus thinking, what were these Christians who surrounded them thinking about?

In Spinoza's time Latin was the common language of all European scholars and the key to Gentile learning. Therefore he set himself to the task of learning Latin. The fact that his instructor, Van den Ende, had a beautiful daughter who became intimate with Spinoza and acted as his tutor did not lessen his pleasure in his new study.

His study of Latin introduced him not only to Christian thought but also to the master minds of Greece and Rome. We are told that he became especially interested in the atomists: Democritus, Epicurus and Lucretius, and the School of Stoics. These men had by sheer power of reason and intellect arrived at conclusions which our latter day philosophers and scientists have accepted because with improved apparatus they have been able to demonstrate and confirm their theories. He familiarized himself with the scholastic scholars and with critical and to some extent, cynical, judgment he weighed them and found them wanting.

Two men of his own time profoundly influenced him: Giordano Bruno, who died a martyr shortly before Spinoza was born, and his contemporary, Rene Descartes.

As his opinions became more radical and liberal his Jewish friends viewed him with genuine alarm. They were afraid that his heretical opinions might not only imperil his own soul, but be a corrupting influence among the young Jews of the community; further, they were in a strange land, and it might not be well for a young Jew to let be known that he held such advanced views among his Dutch Protestant neighbors.

Finally he was summoned by Rabbi Saul Levi Morteira and his associates to appear at a heresy trial. Was it true, they asked, that he held such views as he had been reported as stating, that the Old Testament did not mention the idea of immortality? Had he said that angels were hallucinations? Did he hold the view that the soul might mean merely life and that the Old Testament so interpreted it? And finally, did he hold that this material world might be identified as the substance or body of God?

He considered their questions with evident amusement, and apparently did not think the matter of any great importance.

Looked upon as a rebellious boy, he was given a lecture, and finally threatened with excommunication. He grew sarcastic and seeing that he could regain his standing in the synagogue only by making a humiliating surrender of principles he withdrew from the synagogue, a move that left his accusers dumfounded. Finally they made an attempt to reconcile him, offering him an annuity of $500 a year if he would remain a nominal member of the congregation. He refused, and then in indignation and wrath came the act of excommunication already described.

What interest has this man for us? What do we care about his doctrines?

This is the answer. Every liberal church in the world is debtor to him, and no advanced religious thinker in America has escaped his influence.

We are observing the three hundredth anniversary of his birth, but few indeed have advanced to the position which he attained.

He has profoundly influenced all European thought since his time. This is especially true in the field of German philosophy. Leibniz visited him and incorporated many of his ideas in his own works. Fichte, Shelling and Hegel were his disciples. Jacobi read and popularized him. Goethe, Schopenhauer, Herder, Schleiermacher, Lessing and Nietzsche all acknowledge their indebtedness to him. It was Novalis who gave him the title by which he is so often hailed—"The God-intoxicated man."

In England he inspired Coleridge, Shelley and Wordsworth and made them consciously or unconsciously his apostles.

In France, Compte, Renan and Bergson have reflected his philosophy in their own.

In America, Emerson became his interpreter in transcendental terms although perhaps never mentioning him by name.

What did this man teach which so profoundly influenced so many great minds, and at the same time brought down upon his head the anathemas of the synagogue and the hatred of the church, which led to such opprobrious names as heretic, atheist and renegade?

His crime is setting forth a religious philosophy which is without doubt the finest contribution made by any human being in that field in modern times.

Seizing the suggestion of Descarte that philosophy could not be exact until it expressed itself in the forms of mathematics, Spinoza produced his great work under the title of "Ethics" cast into geometrical form. No man whose mind had not been thoroughly trained in the fundamentals of mathematics could have done this.

Concerning God, he rejects the idea that God is something apart from this universe, and with Bruno accepts the idea that "all reality is one in substance, one in cause, one in origin; and God and this reality are one."

What is this underlying reality? was the problem to which Spinoza devoted his life to solve. It is the substance in which the spirit of life exists. He says, "I hold that God is the immanent, and not the extraneous cause of all things. I say, All is in God; all lives and moves in God." There is a question whether he actually identified this "Substance" of which he talked with Nature and God. He probably did, although he seems to deny it in one statement. At any rate he became known in the philosophic world as a Pantheist. J. A. Picton says,

> Modern Pantheism as a religion begins with Spinoza. . . . For it is to be remembered that Spinoza was the first Pantheist who was also a prophet, in the sense of speaking out the divine voice of the infinite Universe to its human constituent parts.

This substance of which he speaks to designate the Reality is characterized by innumerable Modes or attributes.

Spinoza's Modes are not very different from what the Eastern Pantheists term—Manifestations. Probably the word in Christian terminology which comes nearest as an equivalent is Revelation, although ordinarily used in a far different sense. Perhaps we express something of Spinoza's meaning by the use of the term, Attributes.

> From the Universal Substance which we call God all individual concrete existences arise. All that exists, exists in and by God; and can only thus be conceived. Here then the mystery of the world begins to unfold itself to the patient thinker; he recognizes God as the fountain of life; he sees in the universe nothing but the manifestation of God; the finite rests upon the bosom of the infinite; the inconceivable variety

resolves itself into unity. There is but one reality, and that is God.

To be conscious of this reality, to live in harmony with it, to know it in some measure is the whole duty of man.

He did not attempt to impose his views upon others, in fact he was overcareful in not attempting to disturb the faith of those who were by incapacity unable to understand his teaching.

As a matter of course the logic of his teachings eliminated the supernatural, a belief in individual immortality, and a great many other things taught and believed by orthodox Christians and Jews.

When he withdrew from the synagogue many thought that he would join some Christian sect. There were no Christian sects in Holland at the time which held much in common with his views. He did the only thing open to him. Taking up the hand craft which he had learned in the synagogue, where, according to the old Jewish law every boy had to learn some trade, he followed the occupation of grinding lenses.

Working just enough with his hands to earn a bare living, he spent his time in studying, thinking and writing. He published very little during his lifetime but left considerable manuscript which has been published since. The gist of his teaching is contained in two hundred printed pages.

What influence has he had upon the world? His influence upon philosopher teachers and poets has already been mentioned, but the profound religious impression made by his life upon those who have known him best is the final test of his character. It amounts in many cases to actual reverence. He is my patron saint.

Schleiermacher said of him:

> The great spirit of the world penetrated him; the Infinite was his beginning and his end; the universe his only and eternal love. He was filled with religion and religious feeling; and therefore it is that he stands alone, unapproachable; the master of his art, but elevated above the profane world, without adherents, and without citizenship.

GEORGE L. THOMPSON.

Two Dreams and An Awakening

I slept and dreamt, and behold there came to me the sense that it was Christmas and that I was in front of a great Cathedral. People around me were rushing toward the doors of the great building. They were a peculiar lot. Although it was bitter cold few of them had shoes. Thick strips of cloth encased their feet. The men wore caps, mostly of fur, pulled down over their ears. The women wore turbans of cheap material. The men were unshaven. The faces of the women were hardened by worry and toil. Ignorance showed itself in lusterless eyes all about me.

The rushing throng swept me along toward the Cathedral but I had occasion to see the majesty of the bronze doors, the enormous height of the eight pillars of green malachite set upon bronze bases, the mosaics of the Virgin Mother with the Holy Child and the saints of the church placed between these pillars, the broad sweep of the facade, the somber glow of the massive dome covered with plates of gold. Within a moment I was inside, and the consciousness of majesty which had been so definitely created by the view of the building quickly changed to a feeling of my human littleness in the presence of the magnificence of this striking interior. The place glowed with color. The walls were inset with mosaics, the numerous pillars generously covered with ikons. On the marble altar were silk and linen cloths of many colors, a Pyx, a Bible and a Cross. Around the altar many lights were grouped. Behind it a seven branched candlestick glowed with light. Incense burned in the fire of the censer. The clergy were present in great numbers, clothed in robes of white, gold, green and purple. Tapers were passed to us as we surged through the doors. One was thrust into my hand and I made my way as quickly as possible toward the altar. Around me everyone was singing without instrumental accompaniment, wistful, weird songs which seemed to take me out of the world of reality and all its human cares into a realm even more fantastic than my dream. Prayers were being intoned. People were kneeling. Sorrows were blended with the joys created by the nearness of color and light; ignorance was more than atoned for in the sense of belonging to the eternal which was too wise and powerful even to be comprehended. Suddenly I saw a priest enter from the rear, a long white beard under brown eyes large with tenderness, and the people rushed forward to kiss his hand. I, too, knelt to receive his blessing, but suddenly awoke.

I turned over and again fell asleep. And there came to me a second dream and behold I was once more in front of this same Cathedral. It was the same, yet not the same, for its majesty had departed. The dome was dull, the mosaics black with accumulated dirt. The face of the Virgin Mother was completely obliterated. A large but orderly crowd, mostly men and boys, were lined up before a small wooden door at a side entrance. They paid entrance fees, and over the door was a banner on which were inscribed the words "Anti-Religious Museum." Soon I was in line, my entrance fee paid and I found myself inside. There was no magnificence such as I had dreamed. The ikons were smeared, the altar cloths gone, the odor of incense forgotten in the smell of human bodies milling about in close contact. The worshippers were no longer present and the priests had long since departed into a land a despised if not forgotten memory. Crowds of curious people gathered in groups around atheist lecturers who pointed out all sorts of exhibits and demonstrations, showing the enormous financial exactions of religion, the record of the church in spreading superstition, the ways by which religion kept back scientific discovery, the means by which the priests showed preference for the wealthy few in opposition to the depressed millions. The Virgin was ridiculed, the priests were called Ju Ju men and exhibited in effigy as sexless creatures without force of either intellect or personality. I was swept along by the throngs from one of these exhibits to another and was soon on the street again. There I met a friend, quite by accident, and was shocked when he wished me a Merry Christmas. I had forgotten. Why should I have remembered? No church bells were ringing, no songs of adoration were rising from religious hearts. There were no Christmas trees or toys, no Yuletide articles displayed in the windows. One Christmas tree lay in the gutter, left there by a poor soul who had been caught with it and arrested for having it. I stopped to pick it up and my eye caught sight of a

uniformed officer coming down the street. I suddenly awoke. My alarm clock was ringing.

This time I did not go back to sleep. I got up and within an hour I was on the streets of New York on my way to my study at church. It was a few days before Christmas and in spite of the poverty existing everywhere, there was an unusual stir in the crowd. Trees for the Christmas celebration were already on sale. Tinsel and balls and half-moons were in the windows, mute testimony to the paganism which is fast outreaching all Christian superstition in the celebration of Christmas. Magnificent displays of Christmas gifts were in the windows along the avenue. Christmas was in the air.

My duty of the morning was to plan for Christmas in the church, but I was interrupted. Four of my active parishioners called to see me. I took occasion to ask them for advice about our Christmas plans.

The first visitor had been a Methodist many years ago. She was a singer, a lover of the arts. She expressed the hopes that she had once nourished that we might celebrate Christmas in "a deeply spiritual way." I had heard that expression before. I knew what she meant. Her artistic nature had found something upon which to feast in years gone by. The fact that she had given up every semblance of belief in magic and revelation had not taken away her love of the beauty of the celebration of Christmas in church, with the chancel decorated with greens, the altar lighted by candles and the congregation joining with the choir in "Holy Night, Silent Night." She will probably attend, on Christmas Sunday, some church rich in its Christian tradition and superb in its Christmas music.

The second visitor was an author of two books designed to disprove, by logical processes, the purported foundations of the Christian religion, such as the infallibility of revelation, the atonement and even the existence of God. His was a practical mind which quickly penetrated to the false and cruel aspects of the religious tradition. He will not attend church anywhere on Christmas day.

The third one to come was a young Russian, a Communist, who joined my church because of its open-mindedness to the philosophy of political revolution. He told me of having visited a cathedral which had been turned into an Anti-Religious Museum, identical with that of my dream. He explained how his heart glowed within him at the spectacle. He almost waxed eloquent in his condemnation of the old religion with its cruel practices, superstitious beliefs and false teachings. He hopes Christmas will pass unnoticed by us in any other than a social way.

The fourth visitor was a woman who had joined a Unitarian church as a young girl. To her Christmas is neither to be interpreted theologically nor commercially but psychologically. We need, she said, a rebirth this year of a spirit which used to grow exceptionally strong at the Christmas season. In the day when charity was an individual rather than a social duty, and when friends were near and dear, rather than mere acquaintances, numbered by the scores in a large, hustling city, the Christmas spirit lived. By the Christmas spirit I think she meant a universal human attitude, not limited to any sect or group, which impresses both the mind and heart of man with the essential unity of all our human aspirations and far-flung hopes.

I awoke from my dream of an experience in the Eastern Orthodox Church, and from a contrasting dream of Christmas in modern Russia, to face the cruel facts of Christmas at home in this sad year 1932. Never such a time! Never such human need of food and clothing and the presence of a friend! Never such conflicting ideas of what is good! Never such a groping for the spirit of good-will! Never such opportunity for the practice of human kindness!

I shall not this year frown upon the church across the way in the coldness of my intellectual pride! Neither shall I wax fervent in my adoration of the Holy Virgin! I shall rather try, as I seek to lead others to try, in this season to lay hold upon the spirit of human kindness, a kindness that will lead us all, whether Communists or Christians, to find in the sharing of the mutual woes of our sad world, a rebirth in our own hearts of a spirit that will be for us a Savior.

LON RAY CALL

Trumpets on New Horizons

Christmas Throughout the Year

Sympathy flows like a mountain stream
Through this Christmas time of cheer.
Let us make it flow not only in dream
But in *fact* throughout the year.

Let the kindly wishes that all of us send
Over ocean, town and wood
Unite the world from end to end
In luminous brotherhood.

LUCIA TRENT.

Prayer for the Farmer

Words come and stutter on the end of my tongue.
I don't know where they come from because they are not mine.
They may be mine, but I don't recognize them.

I always send myself out through my fingers.
If there were words in me they wrapped around the plow handles.
They blew away with the scattered seeds,
The chaff, or they stuck to the sweat of my hands, my arms, my breast and my forehead.
I never knew words.
But there are words on my tongue.
They come from some place away back.
They may be mine.
Anyhow, God, I suppose that you understand the words stuttering on the end of my tongue.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

For Critics of the Kept Press

Of what, my dainty masters, shall I sing
If not of those I love? Could you but feel
The trusting way my children's bodies cling
Or know how well their mother's kisses heal
My hurts except the one insistent ache
There is so little I can give but song,
Then even haughty you might well forsake
Your scorn, abandon greed and war and wrong.

And should I hurl a chant at those I hate?
(Go mark me soft!)—I cannot. There are none.
For even you are slaves, not lords, of fate,
Who make all children face a smoky sun.
Not sing of those we love? You rouse the brute.
Beware, oh masters, when our lips are mute.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

Cure-All

We are children at play with the gifts of time
And lost in a realm of dust,
Destroying the impulse of song and rhyme
To harbor decay and rust.

We are children who score and children who play,
We gather discreetly around
And clamor and clamor for gadgets to say—
Why, now, all the trouble is found!

AMY CROCKER LEIGHTON.

As to a Chief Musician

The poets of this later age must pause
Before exquisite lines that David sang.
For we who would respond to Beauty's cause
Must know the source from which the music sprang.

And David wrought with stern simplicity
His melodies when that there came the surge
Of joy in truth, and with what ecstasy
He brought the very feeling of that urge!

EVELYN M. WATSON.

About the "Christmas Carol" and Dickens in Boston

An impressive and beautiful article on Dickens' "Christmas Carol," by Alfred E. Newton, the zealous Philadelphia book-lover, was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* a few years ago, under the striking title, "The Greatest Little Book in the World." The greatest little book in the world it certainly is; and the love of it and the use of it grow with the years. More and more it is read aloud in churches and clubs on the days before Christmas. In Boston this season one of the newspapers broadcast over the radio a little dramatization of it. On the Tuesday afternoon before Christmas it was read aloud at the Twentieth Century Club by a group of the members for the pleasure, which proved very great, of the club and its friends. The annual reading of it in the home is now in a hundred places an established feature of the family ritual. There are still those in Boston who remember Dickens' own reading of it at Tremont Temple during his last visit to America in 1867. It was the subject of his first Boston reading, on Monday evening, December 2; and he read it on Christmas eve itself.

The "Christmas Carol" was published in 1843, the year after Dickens' first American visit; and deep as was the impression that it made and greatly as it added to his reputation, it is now almost incredible that its immediate popularity and its sale were not nearly so great as those of some of his subsequent Christmas stories. Indeed, 1843 was a discouraging year for Dickens. "Martin Chuzzlewit," which was published earlier in the year, did not have the reception which Dickens expected or that the earlier books had received; and the publishers grumbled. Dickens had real misgivings about his future, and actually entered into communication with a leading man in the government as to the chances of his securing some official position.

Dickens arrived in Boston for his last American visit November 19, 1867, and sailed from New York on his homeward voyage April 22, 1868. He gave seventy-six readings, of which eighteen were in Boston. His first Boston reading was on December 2; his last on April 18. At the farewell reading he read "Doctor Marigold" and passages about Mrs. Gamp. For the first reading he chose, as I have stated, the "Christmas Carol," followed by the Trial scene from "Pickwick." Altogether he read the "Christmas Carol" five times in Boston. Other readings included selections from "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Dombey and Son," the account of Bob Sawyer's party from "Pickwick," and "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn." Detailed accounts of all and of the whole course of Dickens' visits both in 1842 and 1867-8 are given in the exhaustive and invaluable volume on "Dickens' Days in Boston" by Edward F. Payne, the devoted president of the Boston Dickens Fellowship. Mr. Payne gives many extracts from the reports of the readings and of Dickens' various activities in the Boston newspapers of the time. The following paragraph is from the Boston Journal's report of the first reading:

> To say that his audience followed him with delight hardly expresses the interest with which they hung upon every word that fell from his lips and eyed every gesture with which his prolific genius clothed every idea embodied in the wonderful characters of his "Christmas Carol." The dolorous surly tones of old Scrooge, his grim humor in the interview with the first ghost, the chattering Cratchits, poor little Tiny Tim, the dance in old Fezziwig's warehouse, Scrooge's purchase of the prize turkey and other characters and incidents were delineated in a manner which only the author of these inimitable creations could achieve.

On Christmas Eve, when Dickens was reading the "Christmas Carol" at Tremont Temple, the "Cricket on the Hearth," perhaps the best loved of all the Christmas stories except the "Christmas Carol" itself, was performed at Selwyn's Theater, with Mrs. Chanfrau as Dot.

Tremont Temple was thronged for the first reading, as indeed it was for all the readings; the receipts for tickets at the last reading were the largest of all. We read in connection with the first reading that

> . . . hardly a notable man in Boston or for fifty miles about but was there. There sat Longfellow with his snow-white hair and beard, looking like the very spirit of Christmas; there was Holmes, crisp and fine; there was Lowell, the other Dana, Charles Eliot Norton, Edwin P. Whipple, Bishop Eastburn, Poole, the librarian of the Athenaeum, George Greene, and Samuel Eliot. Yonder is Fields, to whom all owe this great pleasure, for he suggested, urged and made the visit of Dickens easy to him. Mrs. Fields sat with her distinguished husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ticknor, the Longfellow daughters, William D. Howells, the Quincys and many others of note were present, and more than one of these have written their descriptions of the evening.

Longfellow hardly missed one of the readings. "The Dickens readings," he wrote to Charles Sumner, "are wonderful to see and hear"; and his diaries contain so many allusions to the readings that they are one of the important "source books" for the study of Dickens' visit. There was hardly any other American with whom Dickens' relations here were closer, or for whom he felt a deeper affection and reverence.

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields were the nearest and dearest of Dickens' friends here. Mr. Fields was the head of the publishing house of Ticknor and Fields, Dickens' American publishers; and it was through his initiative and urging that Dickens came. His publishing house at 124 Tremont Street, opposite Park Street Church, was the Dickens headquarters, where the tickets for the readings were sold and everything was managed. I think that Mr. and Mrs. Fields must have

been present at all the readings; and their home at 148 Charles Street was almost as much Dickens' home while here as the Parker House. Indeed at one time, when the catarrhal cold, which hardly ever left him, was at its worst, Mrs. Fields kept him at the Charles Street home for several days for the sake of greater quiet. Mr. Fields was his almost daily companion on his long walks, and sometimes accompanied him on his journeys to New York. There are no other records of his Boston visit so authentic or so interesting as the Dickens chapter in Mr. Fields's "Yesterdays With Authors" and "Memories of a Hostess," made up from Mrs. Fields's diaries so carefully edited by M. A. De Wolf Howe.

There was one incident in Dickens's visit which should be more warmly remembered than it sometimes is, as revealing in a peculiar way his tender sympathy for the unfortunate. Many recall the account in his "American Notes" of his visit during his first stay in Boston in 1842 to the Perkins Institution for the Blind, where Dr. Samuel G. Howe had started his great work, and especially his story of Laura Bridgman whom he there saw. During his second visit here he came into touch with Dr. Howe again, and was deeply impressed by what he said of the loneliness of the blind and their suffering from dearth of good things to read. So deeply impressed was he that before he went home he sent Dr. Howe $1,700, with which to print in the raised alphabet for the use of the blind 250 copies of the "Old Curiosity Shop." This generous act did much to promote such efforts for the blind; and later there were printed in raised type and in Braile "A Christmas Carol," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "Great Expectations," "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Oliver Twist," "A Tale of Two Cities," and a short sketch of how the first one, "Old Curiosity Shop," came to be done, this last prepared "in order that the blind may always know and understand Dickens's deep interest in those who sit in darkness."

At the close of his last reading, on April 8, the demonstration of the audience was so overwhelming and so prolonged that Dickens paused at the end of the platform and returned to his desk for a few farewell words, which, embodying a brief reference to his friendships here—"friendships that have for years on years made Boston a memorable and beloved spot"—expressed his deep gratitude and affection for Boston.

My gracious and generous welcome in America which can never be obliterated from remembrance began here. My departure begins here too; for I assure you that I never until this moment really felt that I am going away. In this brief life of ours it is sad to do almost anything for the last time; and I cannot conceal from you, although my face will soon be turned toward my native land and all that makes it dear, that it is a sad consideration with me that in a few moments this brilliant hall and all that it contains will fade from my view forevermore. But it is my consolation that the spirit of the bright faces, the quick perception, the ready response, the generous and cheering sounds that have made this place delightful will remain; and you may rely upon it that that spirit will abide with me as long as I have sense and sentiment.

There must still be many in Boston, who remember, as I remember, that impressive farewell; and who were present at the first reading of the "Christmas Carol" on that evening of December 2 or the reading on Christmas Eve. There cannot be many who heard, as I did, all of Dickens's eighteen readings in Boston. For me it was a happy accident. I was a youth in the service of Ticknor and Fields. For sale in connection with the readings they published, in little paper-covered volumes, the abridgements prepared by Dickens for the readings, and these were sold at the bookstores and at Tremont Temple itself on the nights of the readings. We had a dozen boys to sell them in the hall and in the lobbies; and I was delegated to supervise this business. My function was slight, little more than to receive from the boys at the end of the evening the money they had taken, and carry it in a leather bag to our counting-room near by and put it into the safe. When the reading began, I found some vacant seat, and thus heard all the readings. To such a youthful lover of Dickens it was a rare and memorable perquisite; and I look back to those evenings after the sixty years as among the most sacramental of my life.

The Boston places peculiarly associated with Dickens have gone or are fast going. A new Tremont Temple has supplanted the old Tremont Temple in which he read. A new Parker House has supplanted his Parker House. It has piously embodied a Dickens Room, but it is not where his rooms were in 1867; that was at the corner nearest to City Hall on the third floor. While the old Parker House remained, the Boston Dickens Fellowship held its monthly meetings in the Crystal Parlor, in which showy room Dickens gave his memorable dinner to his Boston and Cambridge friends in celebration of the famous International Walking Match between Mr. Delby and Mr. Osgood. The old Tremont House, which was Dickens's Boston home during his first American visit in 1842, although standing in 1867 has long been gone; and with it have gone the great Paddock elms, still rising sturdily from the sidewalk between the Tremont House and Park Street Church to greet Dickens in 1867. The Fields house at 148 Charles street is gone; and Houghton and Mifflin, the successors of Ticknor and Fields, are on Park street, although the old building at 124 Tremont Street still stands defying the "march of progress." The store now benignly houses florists and the beautiful flowers in the windows, which I never idly pass, have an irresistible odor of funeral tributes. The circle of the great poets and prophets whose haunt it was sixty years ago has long been broken and is past; but it is easy to see them beyond the flowers, and to see Dickens going through the door for their greetings. The reality of them is not dead and can not die; and as the Christmas days come round, Dickens is again in Boston, and ever everywhere radiating his blessed Christmas gospel.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Of Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-Two

Stalking down the inner aisles of life,
Unmercifully gnawing at the portals of commerce,
Setting at odds our America,
Breeding a race of hungry souls
To go unemployed;
Making of babies—criminals!

Crushing to blackness
The dreams of youth,
Foiling the kiss of trust,
Taking all peace;
Taking all luxury—all hope
Taking, always taking,
Giving—
Nothing!
Be gone!

KATHERINE K. RUCKER.

The World Judgment-Seat

[From Our Special Correspondent]

It was a sight worth going far to see, when, on the 21st of November, Japan and China sat facing each other at the Horseshoe Table, in the Glass room, Geneva. The table stands on a level platform, 30 feet square, in the center of a level floor about 150 feet square—the platform being two feet higher than the floor.

At the Table sat De Valera, chairman (Irish Free State), Simon (United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland) Koo (China), Benes (Czechoslovakia), Paul-Boncour (France), Von Neurath (Germany), Matos (Gautemala), Aloist (Italy), Matsuoka (Japan), Pani (Mexico), Birger-Braadland (Norway), Garay (Panama), Beck (Poland), Madariaga (Spain), with Drummond, Secretary-General sitting on the left of Chairman De Valera. This is a list of the fourteen nations that constitute the Council of the League. Five of these have permanent seats. You can easily guess who these are—they have big pocket-books and big guns. To say they dominate the policy of the Council and League is to be modest. The nine are selected on a revolving plan, and for three years. They are honored with a seat on the Council one in a generation. The workings of the political Providence by which three new members are chosen each year from out the herd of nations is not clear to me. This Providence doubtless works in close understanding with Secretary-General Drummond.

The room was crowded—with the press, diplomats, experts and visitors from all lands—the occasion of course a hearing before the Council of what Japan and China had to say in reference to the Commission's Report on the strife in the Far East between these two peoples—numbering between four and five hundred millions. The meeting was in the interests of peace between Japan and China, and the peace of the world.

This is the stage on which a great drama will be enacted in one form or other for several weeks, or, who knows? for several years. The newspapers have kept the public well informed of what has been occurring in the Pacific, all the way from Tokyo via Manchuria to Shanghai. I propose to describe briefly the Opening Act of public trial at Geneva, so as to give a setting for one's further reflection.

De Valera makes an excellent chairman—fair and swift in judgment. He spoke briefly, calling attention to the situation which had caused the Commission to be appointed and sent out, and that now their report had been placed in the hands of the Council. At 11 o'clock, he said,

> I propose that the discussion should be opened by the representative of Japan . . . when we meet in the afternoon a similar opportunity will be afforded the representative of the government of China.

Matsuoka spoke for Japan, Koo for China. Both as is the custom in the Council were seated as they spoke. Their voices were however elevated enough to carry over the room. Both spoke in English—English by the way that had been acquired in American homes and colleges. Copies of the speeches in both English and French were in general circulation.

I will give the main points, with little comment, of the two speeches.

Matsuoka contended that the action of Japan for the past year or more sprang from need of self-defense. Anti-foreign agitation in China had greatly injured the interests of Japan. It had been centered especially upon Japan. It revealed itself prominently in the boycott—to Japan's great injury. China was in a chaotic state—brought about by the ideas of communism and by piracy and brigandage—all of which constituted a menace to Japan and to the world.

Japan had not violated any treaty. She had acted in response to encroachments on her rights. According to Mr. Kellogg, writer of the Peace Pact, the right of self-defense "is inherent in every sovereign state and is implicit in every treaty." Matsuoka quoted from a Resolution adopted by the Senate of the United States, that the "right of self-protection may, and frequently does, extend in its effect beyond the limits of the territorial jurisdiction of the state exercising it."

Mr. Matsuoka referred also to words of Austen Chamberlain, that he was in entire accord with the views of Mr. Kellogg, that

> the proposed treaty does not restrict or impair in any way the right of self-defense, as also with his opinion that each state alone is competent to decide when circumstances necessitate recourse to war for that purpose.

In a note of July 26, 1928, Japan wrote the American Ambassador, that

> The proposal of the United States is understood to contain nothing that would refuse to independent states the right of self-defense.
>
> It is unjust to make Japan (he said) responsible for what has happened in Manchuria. We did not seek the change. We acted spontaneously in self-defense. . . . For decades the condition of China has been a dangerous influence while the policies of Japan have been the stabilizing and protective influence in the Far East. It would be difficult for the Japanese nation to understand the attitude of Western Powers if they should accuse us to the contrary.

Japan thus justifies her action in the Far East on the ground that her own peace and interests, as well as the order of Asia, demanded and justified her exercise of police powers, that came to be severe, but were necessary, she felt, for her own well-being. This is Japan's case.

China's reply and case were given by Koo, who spoke in the afternoon. He had traveled with the Commission, as "Chinese Assessor." He first described his difficulties in acting in that capacity on account of hindrances put upon him by Japanese. This contrasted with the full freedom granted the Japanese Assessor when traveling through China. In touching on the charge of the chaotic state of China, he said that China was considered sufficiently organized to enter the League of Nations and sit at the Council Table, also that her trade with other nations had been steadily increasing, also that she had been faithful in discharging her obligations to other nations.

He stated that the invasion of Manchuria and Shanghai was part of a plan of Japan to dominate all of China, starting with the Three Eastern Provinces. "As it was with Korea, so it is with Manchuria now." As to the boycott, said Koo,

> The boycott is but a measure of self-defense. It is a form of reaction against a given cause of external origin and beyond China's control. In the past twenty-five years there have been nine boycotts against Japanese goods. . . . Is it any wonder that the people at Shanghai should be most active in this form of retaliation, when they have personally suffered for

weeks, and then seen the Japanese troops withdraw in May only to rush to North Manchuria to assist other Japanese troops in their work of slaughter and destruction? . . . It is against this policy of wanton aggression on the part of Japan, that the present boycott has been, and still is, maintained. . . . China, faithful to her policy of peace and forbearance, chose this pacific method of resistance. . . . It must also be noted that this method entails considerable loss and sacrifice upon the Chinese people. . . .To deny China the use of boycott against military aggression as has been going on in Manchuria for over a year, would be the denial of a legitimate and peaceful instrument of defense.

While Chinese nationalism has been rapidly developing, there is really no anti-foreign sentiment at the bottom of it. . . . China aims to teach internationalism through the means of nationalism. . . . China seeks to contribute to the peace and happiness of the whole world. . . . There are over 8,200 foreign firms in China living and working in peace.

Koo concluded:

I have pointed out that China's task of unification has been made more difficult by Japan's evident dread of a united China. I have pointed out that there is no anti-foreign sentiment in China and the boycott of Japanese goods is the natural reaction on the part of the Chinese people against flagrant aggression and that they are obliged to resort to it as a necessary and peaceful instrument of legitimate defense, in spite of the great loss and suffering which it entails upon themselves. . . .

The time has now come for prompt and effective action by the League. Further hesitation will only entail more bloodshed and suffering to the thirty million Chinese in Manchuria and will perhaps irretrievably shake the general confidence in the efficacy of this great institution of peace. In the words of M. Briand, whose memory we all cherish, spoken when presiding over the discussions of this same Sino-Japanese question in the Council, "To prolong this situation would be to perpetuate a state of anxiety which has already lasted too long."

More than a year has since elapsed and this delay has meant to China tens of thousands of innocent lives lost and billions of dollars more of property. It has brought us to a place where there is not only a danger to China's existence, but where there is also a challenge made to the League itself. It is only by a speedy and effective settlement of this conflict in conformity with the principles of justice that China hopes to have her wrongs redressed and the instruments of world peace safeguarded.

I have given only the setting of the Peace Trial, just started. I anticipate watching its progress, as I have seen the forces in operation here now for nearly a year.

It is a great drama. It may turn out to be a tragedy, or may be a comedy—which latter would be worse. These are star players that I saw on the little platform. The nations have sent their best. So far, they look rather anxious. In fact, they look too sober. I do not believe much in dances—but, I am willing to suggest that an International dance once a week, in Geneva, with no "politics" and no guns parked at the door—would make for peace.

I am keeping my eye on this idea of reservations. In the disarmament discussions, the experts often arrive at an agreement—each one however having a "reservation." Are these "reservations" to come forth as ghosts to plague in later days? Exceptions prove the rule, but exceptions are not the rule.

I shall keep my eye also on the boycott idea. If the boycott can be made an international offense, and a cause of war, it will mean arming up, won't it for China and other peoples not equipped with shotguns and bombs. If mild forms of defense are forbidden, will not men turn to stronger?

I am keeping an eye on the two chief players in the jury of this drama—Britain and France. What will happen in the days ahead will be largely determined by these two.

There is one unfortunate feature in the drama. Men ask too often—how will this step or that result affect the League? The League naturally does not possess strength and stability sufficient to give it a commanding influence. So, friends of the League are fearful that some storm like the present may blow it over. Of course, bold action would strengthen it, but there is a natural timidity when it comes to disciplining some of the strong boys! "Save the League" is a companion motive with Save the Far East situation!

SYDNEY STRONG

c/o The American Express
Geneva, Switzerland

The Study Table

Society New and Old

Here are three books that belong together. The first, "The Harlan Miners Speak,"* is all the evidence we need to prove the necessity of the other two. If it were not for the existence of such shocking conditions as described in this Harlan Miner book, there would of necessity be little need for an insistence upon social planning. And so together these books constitute a kind of "before and after" arrangement.

"The Harlan Miners Speak" is the report on terrorism in the Kentucky coal fields by the members of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners. And to that extent constitutes a symposium of representative individuals, such as Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, including the testimony of the miners themselves, the sheriff and the prosecuting attorney.

The story here told makes the blood run cold in one's veins. It seems utterly incredible that in this year of so-called civilatory enlightenment such vassalage could exist. To read, for example, that in a single community of 125 families seven child-deaths occurred per week; that year-old children are forced to feed on fat bacon and beans. that milk is to be regarded not as a food but a medicine; that a whole community of people are denied access to the "free" United States mails; that the workers are not paid in legal currency, but in an inflated script; and that the people are not allowed to receive visitors too frequently in their homes, save as permission is granted them by the superintendent—this and vastly more of the same inequity is what the book puts forth in words unforgettable and in descriptions that sear the heart.

Whatever one may think of Theodore Dreiser as the author of "The American Tragedy," one thing is certain—that he has given us, not an imaginery picture woven out of dreams, but one of the most ghastly portrayals of a realism that will haunt the souls of men. This book ought to be read by the American public, if for no other reason than to open their eyes to the hell holes in our "land of the free and home of the brave." It ought to stir with wrath and righteous indignation the conscience of every man and woman who values his self respect. In the sworn testimony here presented we have not propaganda, neither have we hysteria, save as an outraged conscience inflamed with indignation is hysteria.

* "The Harlan Miners Speak," Theodore Dreiser, Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Passing from the Harlan Miners to "Socialist Planning"† is like passing from darkness to light; for in this book we have at last an attempt to make impossible such conditions as exist, not only in Kentucky, but alike in actual and potential degree, in all parts of the world.

The book is most fascinating; first, because it sees the bow in the clouds!; and second, because it represents not the dream of one lone thinker, but thirty different men whose occupational variations equal the number they represent. In its 254 pages a two-fold purpose is attempted: first, an analysis of our present social disorder, the proposed capitalistic plans for its cure, the basic defects of these plans, and the need for a non-profit system as a foundation for effective planning. Part two concerns itself with the general socialist aims, the immediate program of socialism in the light of the present situation, a possible plan for the transition period in case of sudden economic collapse, and with many of the vital political, economic and cultural problems which a socialized order will have to face. A section deals primarily with agencies that may be depended upon to inaugurate a planned economy and the best possible methods of strengthening these agencies.

For the "converted" the book offers nothing new, save that inspiration which comes from a renewed contact with the living object of one's dream. On the other hand, the book is most invaluable for those who are either ignorant or antagonistic to the socialist point of view. It may, therefore, be highly recommended to those who would like to know what the proffered solution of the socialist program is; especially so because of an over zealous propaganda which so frequently runs away with facts and permits its light to convert itself into heat.

This‡ volume sounds the perennial American note of optimism, amidst the most unusual difficulties which have ever confronted American society. There are two kinds of optimism here discussed, one is that of the liberal who still clings to the formulas and sentimentalities of the nineteenth century. Any effort to bring cosmos out of chaos is met by the perfectly futile slogans of the earlier age of our economy. The chapters on *An Unmanaged Civilization,* and *A Nation Walking Backwards* contain effective dissolvents of what was supposed to be an obsolete laissez-faireism. On this the author writes:

> The battle for an individualistic, laissez-faire economy, self-regulated by competition, is definitely lost. Unless we make that fact the basis of our political thinking, we shall be headed in the wrong direction.

The more serious aspect of developing an organic purpose for our whole society is revealed in the half-conscious fear of most intelligent men today that we face not merely decline, but the possible collapse of our present cultural striving. Mr. Soule reports a conversation with one Jeremiah who believed that such decline was inevitable, but that nevertheless he intended to fight. In that determination we may detect a fundamental trait of humanity which has led mankind out of his cave to a world economy. Mr. Soule does not offer proof, but gives it as his conviction that there is something in mankind "that forbids permanent surrender to disorder, ignorance, regression, no matter how hopeless the struggle may at times appear."

† "Socialist Planning and a Socialist Program." Falcon Press, $2.00.
‡ "A Planned Society," George Soule, Macmillan Co., $2.50.

In conclusion, it may be said that Mr. Soule has chosen to address his argument to a wide body of readers and he has neglected the usual detailed and documentary scholastic apparatus. The only question, then, is whether our present lingering economic depression will be sufficiently sobering to cause a great number of our citizens to read the book. Mr. Soule wishes to establish a warm and sympathetic bond with those readers who are not so moved.

It is good to have this book§ from the pen of George A. Coe, because few men in our contemporary age possess as thorough a grasp of the place and purpose of education as does Dr. Coe. One need only turn to the foreword of the book to discover his qualification for such a task; as for example when he writes,

> Democracy must be made to mean, for teachers, vastly more than the popular franchise plus legal equality before lawyer's law; vastly more than this plus merciful kindness; it must be made to mean nothing less than fellowship among neighborly men who progressively take into their hands instruments of coercion for protecting, deepening, and extending their fellowship. The truly democratic state is based upon the worth of persons; its mission is to protect this worth and make it grow through co-operative action by the persons concerned.

Again and again Dr. Coe emphasizes the basic fact that public education cannot and dare not be a system of propaganda, whether for or against a particular economic system or type of social order. He is equally impatient with the doctrinaire teacher or board of education, insisting that the function of education is to enable the individual to make the best possible adjustment to his environment, which is both social and cosmic in its scope. He tells us that,

> . . . the political order is ceasing to be conceived as the administration of a given system of government; rather, the political order is seen to be a mass of instruments and processes that are continually being created because they are modes of the self-fullment of a self-outgrowing society.

The chapters entitled *Propaganda? Or Education: Which?, The Schools and The Power Behind the Throne, The New Social Studies: Whither?, The School Teacher Quizzes the Sovereign* are exceedingly timely and stimulating. In these chapters it is interesting to note that he remembers the fact that in the United States we have not yet a politically educated citizenry. He believes in democracy and has "not bowed the knee to the widely current disrespect for man that is the reverse side of respect for dictatorships and for ruling aristocracies." He believes, too, that we learn by doing, and has little faith in merely telling the pupils this or that, expatiating upon this or that virtue, praising one's country, and in requiring this or that ceremonial act. He resents the intrusion of legislators into the field of professional educators, and is equally caustic against the national government's interfering in state education, considering this interference unconstitutional.

One has a feeling after reading this book, that perhaps Plato was more than half right, when he said, "The world will be well governed only when philosophers become kings."

And so we have another book** by the "gloomy" Dean of St. Pauls! It is a joy to read after the Dean because of his "chatty" style and informality of expression. One has the feeling that one is sitting with the Dean at his fireside and enjoying the delightful

§ "Education for Citizenship," George A. Coe, Scribner's Sons, $2.00.
** "More Lay Thoughts of a Dean." William Ralph Inge, G. P. Putnam's Sons, $2.75.

experience of having him "S'press" his mind on every subject under the sun. And just to that extent the book is most fascinating and interesting. The book is so gloriously full of common sense (that most uncommon of all common qualities!) that it might pass for wit when in reality it is sheer wisdom. Some of his utterances stick like barbed shafts, and one is suddenly startled by his veritable genius. He seems to see what others look at and yet never really see; to understand what others think they know.

The book approaches the more staid type of essay composition in the last three lectures on *English Religious Poetry, Scientific Ethics* and *Democracy,* each of which has a peculiar excellence, charm and lucidity of thought.

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW

Correspondence

The Doukhobors Again

Editor of UNITY:

I have been asked by the Doukhobors to get in touch with you. I have just finished a sentence in Oakalla where they are imprisoned. My position there enabled me to be in close contact with them. The Doukhobors' communications are under strict censorship, so the outside world does not know their plight.

First, I will give you an outline of the treatment and conditions they have been subjected to in Oakalla, and now at Piers Island. At this date there are but ten males there (Oakalla) and all the women except two, so I understand. The ten men were retained to cook the food for the women, there being no accommodation in the women's quarters for cooking.

When the Doukhobors first came to Oakalla, the old jail was used because there was no room for them in the jail proper. Two tiers were used to hold 80 men in the new jail; tiers that should hold 40 (each tier has 20 cells supposed to hold 20 men). Extra bunks were put in the cells some years ago to accommodate a surplus. The tiers are five high and 20 cells long. The four top tiers are double bunks. Each cell is about 9x6 feet. You cannot imagine how hot and stifling it is in summer.

Two hundred men were crowded into what is known as the old jail, a filthy old building that has been disused for years for prisoners. It has been used for shops and storage. A one-story wooden structure.

The women are even more crowded. They are imprisoned in what is known as the tower, a place on the roof of the jail where the tank for water supply is. They are sleeping on the floor on straw; many of them are expectant mothers. Don't you think this is pitiful? The children were taken away from mothers some time ago. It was a most heart-rending sight.

Later the men were taken to Piers Island, thirty at a time. Then again, my very soul was touched by the crying of the women whose arms were stretched through the window bars in helpless appeal. One would hardly think that such conditions existed in modern times.

There has been no mention made of these things in local papers. The public does not know that these conditions exist, or even why the Doukhobors have been made to suffer them. Why is the general public kept in the dark? I myself have only a hazy idea as to what it is all about even after my imprisonment with them. It was only during the last month or so that I gained the confidence of Pete Maloff and the other nine men left at the Oakalla Prison. They asked me to make an appeal to you, sir, and I am doing my poor best. As regards Piers Island, the treatment is said to be barbarous.

Before I left Oakalla, an acquaintance of mine arrived. He had just finished a two-year term in the British Columbia Penitentiary. He is a marine engineer holding a second-class ticket. He understands draughting and survey work, therefore, was taken to Piers Island to help lay out the location for the stockade. He remained there until after the first male prisoners arrived.

According to his story which he related to me and Pete Maloff, they tried to force the men to help build the women's quarters. They refused. Col. Cooper, the warden, had three paddles made and chastised several of them, also removed two to the penitentiary on the mainland.

Reports have it that treatment has been most cruel since the removal of these men from Oakalla to Piers. Can nothing be done?

I have the pleasure, or otherwise, of knowing some of the guards at Piers personally, they are monuments of brutality, specially selected for the purpose of quelling the Doukhobors.

I hope you will be able to publish an article based on my story, it will do much towards enlightening people on the Doukhobor situation.

A Sympathizer.*

*The name and address of this writer are in the hands of the Editor.—Ed.

The Interdependence of Nations

Editor of UNITY:

"Independence forever!"—the slogan of John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster a hundred years ago—has gone, like the old-time stage-coach. No longer can we shout with Hopkinson:

"Hail Columbia! . . .
Let independence be our boast."

New conditions need new slogans.

With Wadsworth we must hear

"The still, sad music of humanity"

till every nation, every land, knows well that all will fall together, unless all rise together to the heights of brotherhood, and

"Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarm'd shall live as comrades free."

Today, the whole world is one community. Because of telephone, radio and other inventions, Europeans and Asiatics and Americans are as near together as were our grandfathers in their adjoining towns. And it is full time nations and races knew one another, for long ago it was said—"true knowledge leads to love" through understanding, sympathy, appreciation.

As friends who read between the lines of one another's letters, understand, and those who read between the flashes of one another's eye, sympathize, so nations, when they understand and sympathize, will surmount their age-old fears of one another, will feel their growing dependence one on another, and will appreciate one another even as members of one family.

"All are needed by each one."

HAROLD K. ESTABROOK.

The Ethical Society, Boston, Mass.

The Field

(Continued from page 226)

farce," continued Miss Wilkinson. "If the British Government is to negotiate peace in India, the time is now.

"We have seen the great merchants, and consulted the European Associations. They are clamoring for it now. The effect of the boycott has been disastrous.

"Britain has a chance of making an honorable peace. If it does not, India and Britain are in for 15 years of desperate misunderstanding, repression and reprisal, and the ruin of Britain's trade will be the result."

Mr. Matters said Lord Willingdon told him he could guarantee that conditions were one hundred per cent better than they were 18 months previously, and that the people were one hundred per cent happier.

"I put this to the first responsible Indian I met," continued Mr. Matters. "He was a non-Congress Mohammedan and he replied, 'And that is just one hundred per cent untrue.'

"The Viceroy is deluding himself or is being deluded by his officials. His policy of 'crushing Congress' can never succeed, and means ruthless and, frequently, savagely vindictive repression of the people.

"I am prepared to substantiate every charge I have to make. I challenge

the British Government, the Indian Government or the police to deny any one of them.

"I have seen beatings and I have documentary proof, shorthand notes of interviews, sworn testimonies of victims and admissions by the police officials present at the interviews that the allegations were substantially true."—*Daily Herald* (London).

What Is War Resistance?

By Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph.D.

There is nothing new in the realization that war is both horrible beyond description and impossible to reconcile with either religion or ethics. The twentieth century, however, has found something else, the tragic absurdity of war. It has seen hatred between nations flare up and sink again at the bidding of organized propaganda; it has seen guiltless men blown to pieces, while the rulers who were responsible for their fate went free; and it has seen victors and vanquished floundering helpless together in the morass of war and post-war finances.

We of the War Resisters League are not alone in our determination that this ghastly farce must never again be repeated. Our plan of action, however, is frankly different from that which was pursued by peace societies before the World War. Their efforts, for the most part, were directed to the bringing about of agreements for the mitigation of war and the pacific settlement of international disputes; and so well did they succeed that by 1914 nearly all governments were bound together by conventions as hopeful for peace in their day as the World Court and the Kellogg Pact for ours. Yet with the coming of war a moratorium was declared upon them all. There was not a belligerent who did not make clear that, where vital interest or victory was at stake, promises must go by the board.

Accordingly, while we welcome each and every effort for disarmament and the peaceful settlement of controversies, we cannot place any considerable reliance upon pacts made by governments which stand prepared for war. Some force must come into existence behind the treaties to make them more than "scraps of paper," and this force, in the nature of the case, cannot be that of armies and navies. What is it then?

A study of the facts has convinced us that there is one power alone which can prevent a government from declaring war in an actual crisis, and that is the knowledge that popular support, as expressed in men, money and war service, will not be forthcoming.

The method of war resistance, accordingly, is the continuous organization of men and women for the refusal of all support to war, whether by bearing arms, subscribing to war funds, or performing non-combatant service as an aid to winning the war. Its power will grow in direct ratio to the number enrolled for this refusal, a number small now while the movement counts thousands rather than millions, but greater with every man or woman who enrolls.

It is obvious, however, that war cannot be prevented merely by refusing service after hostilities have begun; on the contrary it is of the utmost importance that the strength of the opposition be known in advance. Every war resister, therefore, is asked to make written declaration of his decision in time of peace, in order that such refusal may help to keep his country out of war, and not merely act as an obstruction to a war already declared.

The number required to prevent any specific war will depend, of course, upon other factors present. Under favorable circumstances the method has already met more than once with success, as in the cases of the threatened war at the separation of Norway and Sweden and the projected expedition by Great Britain against Russia in 1921. Professor Albert Einstein, who is an ardent supporter of the War Resisters' movement, has set two percent of those called to service as the number requisite to check a given war. It is clear, at all events, that a majority is not necessary, nor even a very substantial minority, for one of the lessons forced upon us by the World War was this, that no government believes itself able to wage war without at least the appearance of 100% popular support. It was this conviction that led every belligerent to lavish millions in propaganda, for the urging not only of men to fight, but of women to knit and of children to sell war bonds.

It is the deliberate refusal of this popular support that will be able to put force behind international treaties and eventually abolish war and armaments; and the War Resisters' International is already in a position to prevent at least the giving of 100% support. Even in the complete absence of pacifist organization at the outbreak of the World War there were thousands of young men in Great Britain and in the United States who endured prison and sometimes physical torture as "conscientious objectors." In view of the sections of the International now existing in at least twenty-three different countries, we may expect the number of "objectors" to be many times multiplied in the event of another conflict.

You are now free from lying propaganda and the pressure of popular emotion and are now in a position to bring your own reason and conscience to bear upon your action in the next war. If that war comes, the issue will stand, as we know it stood in 1914-1918, not between one blundering group of nations and another, but between War itself and Humanity.

On which side are you ready to enlist?

Communicate with the War Resisters League, John Haynes Holmes, Chairman; Jessie Wallace Hughan, Secretary, 171 W. 12th Street, New York City.

In the Land of Plenty

In the early months of 1932, a squadron of five hundred investigators for the Emergency Relief Bureau of New York made a house to house survey of 6,304 families in the city. The following somber figures tabulate the results of the investigation:

5,122 families—81 percent of all—lacked food.

5,516 families—88 percent—were in arrears on rent.

2,387 families—38 percent—lacked winter clothing. Shoes were being stuffed with playing cards for soles; children were too cold and too shabby to go to school.

1,576 families—25 percent—were seriously short of fuel; scraps were being collected on the streets.

3,976 families—63 percent—were in arrears on life insurance premiums.

Most of the families were in debt, many for more than $500. The average debt per family was $224.

74 percent had borrowed from relatives or friends.

50 percent of those having life insurance had borrowed the full surrender value.

25 percent showed savings bank passbooks with the accounts closed.

50 percent were eking out existence on food tickets obtained irregularly from those relief organizations which do not investigate their cases.

1,500 families had sold or pawned furniture to buy food.

A large percentage of the families reported discouragement, bitterness, and, in many cases, the breaking up of the home, as children could not be cared for.

This is the grim savagery of the business cycle's down-swing.

—*Stuart Chase.*

Help India's struggle for freedom by non-violence! Help us offset British propaganda and meet Gandhi's request for moral support from America.

Join the American League for India's Freedom, John Haynes Holmes, chairman.

Tear off and return:

American League for India's Freedom
383 Bible House
New York City

Count me in as a supporter of India's struggle for independence. Here are my membership dues $.....

Name .....

Date .....Address.....